Volume LXXIX CHICAGO, December 27, 1917 Number 17

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

I stay myself on Him who stays
Ever the same through nights and days:
The One Unchangeable for aye,
That was and will be: the One Stay,

O'er whom Eternity will pass
But as image in a glass;
To whom a million years are nought,—
I stay myself on a great Thought.

I stay myself on the great Quiet
After the noises and riot;
As in a garnished chamber sit
Far from the tumult of the street.

Oh, wheel of Time, turn round a pace!
But I have found a resting-place.
You will not trouble me again
In the great peace where I attain.

From the Flying Wheel. —*Katherine Tynan Hinkson.*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXX. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1917 NUMBER 7

THE CHILDREN.

The children, Lord, the children!—
Not for ourselves we pray,
But for these little ones, whose feet
Are tender to the way.

For we have learned our lessons
Of Love, and Hope, and Trust;
But they have still to learn them,
'Mid the turmoil and the dust.

Thy hand was always stretched, Lord,
To lift us when we fell;
We leave them to thy Father-love
That doeth all things well.

When the wind and the rain beat on them
O hap them in Thy breast,
When their feet grow worn with ways forlorn
Lift them up and give them rest.

High on Thy breast, Lord, bear them,
Above the flints and mire.
The way is long, the wind is strong,
But Love's arms never tire.

We have no wealth to leave them,
They must tread the paths we trod;
But all is well if but they dwell
In the Fatherhood of God.

And whatever else they learn, Lord,
May they learn this first of all,—
That the great heart of their Father
Will answer every call.

—*John Oxenham.*

The Vision Splendid, George H. Doran Co., Pub.

The recent absorption of the Boston *Journal* by the Boston *Herald* may have withdrawn this honorable publication from the already meagre list of newspapers which are willing to give the pacifist the right of a hearing and to give him the credit at least of sincerity, and, when deserving, of ability to state the case. It remains to be seen whether the Boston Herald will perpetuate the Open Column to a few at least of the honorable men and women in Boston and New England who have not bowed the knee to Baal and who still worship the God of Love without the help of the ritual of force.

We have reason to believe that the pacifists of Europe are more aggressive in their activities as expressed through organizations and publications than those of the United States. The "Central Organization for a Durable Peace" with headquarters at The Hague has laid upon our table a solid pamphlet of thirty pages, containing an address entitled "Thoughts on Peace and Peace Guarantees" by Dr. O. Jerisilb of Denmark. The concluding dozen pages contain in an annex some observations by other Scandinavian scholars, among whom are Dr. Weiss, professor of agriculture of the Royal College of Copenhagen, Professor Petren of the University of Lund, Sweden, Professor Jespersen and five other professors of the University of Copenhagen. The last contribution is a declaration from the rector of the University of Christiania urging the restriction of armaments, the establishment of international courts and compulsory adjustment of international disagreements. The most significant thing about this pamphlet is that it exists, that it has been published almost within hearing of the cannon, and that it has been Englished and sent on its mission throughout the world.

"What am I expecting or hoping for after the war?" is the query in a questionnaire sent out by the Queen Anne Congregational Church of Seattle, the replies to which are to form the material for a watch night service on New Year's Eve. This question is so pertinent to the times, so dominant in the minds of the loyal and the loving everywhere, that we append the answer sent by the Editor of UNITY:

> I am fearing the painful revelation after the war that there has been a great slump in individual and corporate ideals. I am afraid we will find that the real philosophy of peace—let me call it the religion of peace—will have been discounted perceptibly; that the cause has been moved back half a century.
>
> Millions of boys and men and the majority of preachers and teachers have surrendered practically to the philosophy of force so far as to believe that an emergency may arrive when force and the violence of war is the most efficient, if not the only, agent to promote justice.
>
> I am afraid that the slogan of statesman, editor, and if logically consistent, the majority of ministers, will be "Never Again will we be caught in this unpreparedness." So universal training, and military education in the public schools, and an "adequate" army and navy, plenty of munitions, and uniformed men in painful familiarity on the streets of American cities will be the result after the war, unless the high purposes of the provisional militarists, the pacifists now in suspension, will obtain, and unless the very conditions of peace, which may be secured through negotiations but hardly through conquest, be insisted upon: namely, the reduction of armament and the establishment of a world court.

The "Movies" threaten to supplant, or at least seriously to limit the power of the stage. The "funny man" receives more attention in the daily papers than the editor, and it would seem by the same token that the cartoonist probably exceeds the preacher's power in molding public opinion on current events. This ought to bring home to the cartoonist a solemn sense of responsibility. Alas for the man who provokes a laugh where tears should be invoked, and who

places lives, property and principle in jeopardy by the wanton caprice of his pencil. The art gift that makes a great cartoonist is a solemn responsibility, and when such an artist is on the right side he is a power for good as the story of Nast and McCutcheon in America and the triumphs of Punch and other humorous papers in Europe testify, but alas when such power is used to inflame passion and to foster hate as is daily manifested in all the "leading" dailies of our land! Fra Angelico is said to have painted his pictures on his knees. Let our cartoonists and "funny men" breathe a prayer for higher guidance before they begin their morning work which will add to the thoughtfulness or the thoughtlessness of the multitude whose sanity is too much at the mercy of their pencils.

Good Will, the brave little "Journal of International Friendship," continues its monthly though somewhat irregular appearance. No. 9, bearing date of October 3, has just reached us. The pages of this well printed journal contain much interesting and important matter, and much credit is due the editors for having under conditions so difficult gathered material from so wide a range. We have here some account of the thinking of the English Prime Minister, the new German Chancellor, Count Czernin of Austria, the Pope, President Wilson, the French Premier, the Austrian Emperor, manifestos from the Reichstag, from the Evangelical churches of European neutral countries and from the Swedish group of the World Alliance. The whole presents a body of opinions of prime importance to whoever would form an intelligent opinion concerning war issues and war time thinking. The lamentable thing is that the circulation must necessarily be limited and the self-appointed censorship of the "religious" and "secular" press of the United States under a smug theory of patriotism has no place for this magazine and its wide contents in their news columns or in their assumed report of the world's thinking. Honorable J. Allen Barber, M. P., is chairman of the executive committee of the British Council and the Hon. W. H. Dickinson, M. P., is Honorable Secretary. His address is at 41 Parliament Street, London, S. W., to which contributions should be sent. "Copies of the magazine will be forwarded on application to the Honorable Secretary."

The Universalist Leader made its Christmas contribution in a page of "Old Christmas Verses" which are more old than familiar; so much the greater pity. The Christmas festival has proven to be irresistible. It has already escaped theological sectarian or technically Christian trammels. Through its inner potency the way is clear for it to become the most universal of festivals, reaching as it already does from Rome to Jerusalem and far beyond. It reaches around the globe and back to the ancient sun festivals of pre-Christian and pre-Jewish origin.

How can we develop a body of familiar folk-carols flavored with antiquity, seasoned with associations, but also charged with sufficient rhythm, quaintness, poetic and musical merit, to become a part of the lyric wealth of the world? We wish that all the would-be religious papers of every denomination, creed and nationality would try to compile "a page of old Christmas verses" like our neighbor, *The Universalist Leader,* and then by some contrivance of a lyric committee compile from these compilations a list of the carols that are still being carolled. Not *new* carols; most of them are doomed to early death, but the *old* carols, that are touched with deathlessness. Universality spells excellence and deathlessness comes to carols as to souls through intrinsic merit. At the various Christmas events at the Abraham Lincoln Centre the following were the carols that staved to the front for unanalyzable reasons: Herrick's quaint "In Numbers, and But These Few, We Sing Thy Praise, O Jesu!" "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing!" "We Three Kings of Orient Are!" "Christ is Born, O Happy Day!" and of course always pre-eminently "Silent Night, Holy Night!" UNITY will be glad to prepare for another Christmas by encouraging a quest for a body of popular *old* Christmas carols ready to lend themselves to new accents.

A Christmas Expectation

This is the day before Christmas. Foreign dispatches are charged with evidences of a holy unrest on all the battle lines. An armistice obtains on the Eastern frontier where the Allied forces have for so many weary, bloody months waged an uncertain battle against the Central Powers. An unarmed assembly of envoys from five great nations are in session discussing conditions of peace along lines that seem to be very much in accord with the expressed hopes of the United States and the dreams of Democracy in all lands. Perplexing details are, of course, to be settled. Diplomacy, as understood in the secret council chambers of nations, is closely allied to strategy, but the great Christmas fact remains that a beginning has actually been made. The Pope's benign suggestion, Lansdowne's sane propositions, the unorganized, so far as public print and state functionaries are concerned, demand of working men and organizations looking towards the establishment of a pacific world based on industrial freedom and eco-

nomic justice, the agonized prayer of mothers, the cry of starving babies and the painfully suppressed consciousness if not the conscience, of would-be representatives of religion, are active factors in the army of love that is maneuvering for peace on this dawn of the Christmas Season.

On the other hand, according to the printed reports of yesterday's sermons in Chicago pulpits, the Christmas song of "Peace on Earth; Good Will to Men" was either interpreted or evaded in the interest of a militant spirit justifying the bloodshed in the interest of brotherhood, interpreting the Divine in terms of belligerency.

A circular is before us of an organization devoted to humanitarian interpretations of religion, but it reeks with rallying battle slogans. It talks of righteous war and schemes of service, all pointing towards the battlefield conquest assuming that what nineteen centuries of Christian prayer, sacrifice and martyrdom have failed to realize will be, if not secured, greatly promoted by more human slaughter, which implies, of course, not only the precious sacrifice of more innocent lives on both sides of the battle line but an entailment of more humiliation, promptly changing into hatred on the side of the conquered and, perhaps the sadder blunting of sensibilities confusing the perspective on the side of the conquerors.

The real issue of Christmas Day spite of the shrieks of the daily papers, and in spite of the camouflage, to use the clumsy word of the hour, on the part of the pulpits of the land and the determination of the Administration at Washington, backed it is claimed by almost an unanimous Congress, is not between Allied and Central powers, but between a militant program and the pacific quest in all countries. The issue is being beaten into the clear whether the demand of the hour, as determined under all the flags, is: Shall we seek to *end* the war or to *win* it? The situation is so tense that prophets, generals in uniform, kings on their thrones, poets and preachers, mothers and wives, hard-handed men of toil and white-handed men of thought may well hold their breath in awful suspense.

We believe that the angel's song is about to break upon the ears of lonely shepherds. "Peace on Earth and Good Will to Men" is later to find full and jubilant choral expression. It is the time for the crowing of the cock. The dawn is already here. Peace is to come through the triumphs of the beatitudes rather than through the further gory triumphs of the bayonet. "Cease Firing!" is the bugle call soon to be heard resounding from one end to the other of the long, long, wicked battle line.

History may long continue to dispute as to who is responsible for the beginning of this war, but it will be an easier matter for history to determine who began the movement toward peace and who led the forces of civilization "over the top" of armed trenches carrying the white banner of peace. It is a short road from the right to the wrong in this critical hour. The exigencies of civilization may have justified, according to the current philosophy in all the battle-torn nations, their entering into this war, but the same exigencies may in a day bring about a combination of circumstances and a crisis in the history of nations that will brand as traitors, cowards and slackers on the Heavenly line those who obstruct the negotiations and distrust without testing the overtures towards peace, come they from whatever quarter.

Alas! for the man or nation that will prolong for a single hour the awful holocaust.

There is a great desire on the part of pulpit, press and President to educate the people regarding what they are to do for the right and their Christ after the war. But the Gospel issue is *now* pending. The opportunity is *now* for individuals and nations to render the Christmas song of the angels "Peace on Earth and Good Will to Men" in terms of internationalism and to seek it along the paths of reason and mutual conciliation.

It is the time for a conference, not at Berlin, London or Washington but at some humbler Hague. A conference that will determine the issues of the war, stop the awful wastes of battle and start again the machinery of peace, which will involve the wheels of industry, the sails of commerce, the triumphs of the laboratory, the inspirations of a reunited Christendom and the resumption of the long but inspiring march toward an organized world, a fraternity of religion and the brotherhood of man.

We remember the disappointments, the thwarted hopes, the fruitlessness of prayer, the imbecility of the Cross during these war-burdened years. There may be more sad fighting; there may be more painful marshalling of men, more transference of heroes from homes to camps, from plowing to trenching, but whether it be a matter of weeks or of years, the early dawn now on is to break into the full sunrise. We already see the beginning and we believe that the full triumph must come along lines predicted by the Pope, indicated by Lansdowne, demanded by socialists, working men and the dispised, unclassified, unanalyzed "pacifists" in all nations.

Believing this, UNITY writing on the day before Christmas dares bid its readers A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Democracy and Freedom

Democracy rests solidly on personal freedom. American liberty is identical with British freedom from which it sprang. This has its foundation stone in the Magna Charta wrested by the nobles from King John in 1215. The thirty-ninth article of this epoch-making document reads as follows:

"No freeman shall be arrested or detained in prison . . . or in any way molested . . . unless by the lawful judgment of his peers and by the law of the land."

In the age-long conflict of justice against privilege, the freeman's rights were further safeguarded by the affirmation that "An Englishman's house is his castle," and his body sacred from official man-handling except under legal accusation of crime. These doctrines were thus authoritatively set forth by Lord Chatham:

"Every man's house has been called his castle . . . and why is it called his castle? Is it because it is defended by a wall, and because it is surrounded by a moat? No! It may be nothing but a straw-built shed. It may be open to all the elements; the wind may enter it. The rain may enter but *the King can not.*"

The Bill of Rights of 1689 emphasized personal freedom and declared "the law as it stood" in Great Britain, under this act, the Prince and Princess of Orange (William III and Mary) were recognized as the lawful rulers of England, with certain provisions for the rights of the citizen and of parliament. Among these are: (5) That it is the right of subjects to petition the king, and all commitments and persecutions for such petitionings are illegal; (9) That the freedom of speech and debates or proceedings in ought not to be impeached or questioned in any place outside of parliament."

These acts and others of like tenor from the Magna Charta to the present time are the foundation stones of Anglo-Saxon liberty. The main provisions of the Bill of Rights were adopted in the Constitution of the United States as well as in those of the several commonwealths.

In line with the Bill of Rights are the Second and Fourth amendments to the Federal constitution. The Fourth Amendment reads as follows:

"The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated, and no warrants shall issue but upon probable cause, supported by oath and affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched and the persons or things to be seized.'

The full definition of democratic freedom is implied in these words of John Stuart Mill:

"If all mankind, minus one, were of one opinion, and only one person was of contrary opinion, mankind would be no more justified in silencing that one person, then he, if he had the power, would be justified in silencing mankind.

"Strange it is that men should admit the validity of the arguments for free discussion but object to their being 'pushed to an extreme,' not seeing that unless the reasons are good in an extreme case, they are not good in any case. . .

"The only purpose for which power can be rightfully exercised over any member of a civilized community against his will is to prevent harm to others. His own good either physical or moral is not a sufficient reason. . . Over himself, over his own body and mind, the individual is sovereign. That so few now dare to be eccentric marks the chief danger of the time."

"If a man does not keep step with his companion," said Thoreau, "it is because he hears a different drummer."

"I will be," said Garrison, "as harsh as Truth; as uncompromising as Justice." "The best gift one can make to his fellow men," says another writer, "is the gift of an unbending soul."

From a personal letter of Mr. Amos Pinchot to Mr. Samuel Gompers, I am permitted to make this illustrative quotation:

"Whether we call it Democracy or Liberty the best thing we have here in America is a national ideal towards which the progressive forces and especially the labor movement are constantly working. This ideal is that the citizens shall have the most possible freedom and initiative in thought and action and the best possible opportunity to make a living, and, at the same time to develop along natural and constructive lines.

"If the fight for Democracy is to be won in this country, we must keep one thought clear aned one principle sacred. The initiative and independence of the average man must be protected. It is the sole foundation of our democracy. The moment you find the American citizen disciplined to authority and trained to look to leadership to a superior class, at that moment you have lost Democracy and with it all that is vital or valuable in American life."

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

CORRESPONDENCE

Golaghat, India, 20, 9, '17.

Dear Friend:—

I have read your interesting letter, written in July last, but received only recently, with much delight.

Since January of this year I think I have not received a dozen of UNITY till now.

You have traced rightly the reasons for delay and non-delivery.

The same is the case with *Christian Register,* but comparatively more isues have been received.

I have not as yet got the copies carrying my article on "India's War Sacrifices."

Had I met you personally I would have been much delighted to talk to you on present crisis, and also on higher subjects affecting Hindu philosophy and religion. But there is no chance of such meeting.

I lost my wife in December last, so I have now no serious cares for worldly life. I devote greater portion of my life to religious exercises and study into ancient Scriptures of our nation.

Hope to hear from you now and then. Accept my greeting across mountains and oceans. Also accept my good will for your noble efforts to set up peace and amity.

Yours fraternally,

SARAT CH. CHAKRAVARTI.

THE PULPIT

Heroes of the Farm

A Study of Hamlin Garland's Book, "A Son of the Middle Border"

Sermon Preached by Jenkin Lloyd Jones at Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, December 16, 1917.

Stenographically reported by Miss May Johnson.

The tides of history bear us aloft this morning; the current of human destiny carries us in its bosom. The lives of the nameless saints are in our lives. The triumphs of the forgotten spell our privileges and bring to us the plenty which we ungraciously accept. Father, help us to feel the trials of the past, the struggles of our foreelders, aye, the sufferings and the sacrifices of our fathers and our mothers. Teach us to revere the brave uncles and the splendid aunts, who toiled that the wilderness might bloom as a rose, who died that the wild grasses of the prairie might give way to the greater beauty of barn, farm, and home yards. Touch, Oh God, our hearts with a sense of humiliation this morning, that we may realize how selfish and ungrateful and unthoughtful we are. Teach us to feel that we are the partakers of their bounty, the inheritors of their tears. Amen.

Now Jehovah said unto Abram. Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto the land that I will show thee.

And I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee, and make thy name great; and be thou a blessing. —*Genesis xii*: 1, 2.

In this ancient story of migration is the attempt of the old Hebrew to account for that age-continued urge that has through the millenniums pushed humanity westward. Let it serve as an introduction to the thoughts I would like to present to you this morning.

I can hardly trust myself to speak of Hamlin Garland's last book, the story of "The Son of the Middle Border," for it seems so personal. It sounds like talking about myself. I got there before my friend Hamlin. I anticipated his story by twenty or more years. I know whereof he speaks. I am inclined to think that this book will stand as a permanent interesting and remarkable contribution to literature.

Hamlin Garland undertook a very dangerous task and woe to anybody who will try it after him. In mid life while still in the strain and struggle of the battle, with a career let us hope not yet at its high water mark in the literary world, he stopped and tried to tell his own story and he has succeeded to a remarkable degree. The book is autobiographical from beginning to end. And he has succeeded so well that in the order of things it would seem that he ought to up and die for it will be hard to open up this story again. There seems hardly room for any new triumphs or fresh achievements.

Mr. Garland has told in a plain, simple, frank fashion of the hard experiences of unnamed and unhonored thousands. He has spoken for and of the brave pioneers who carried the banners of American independence, education and intelligence over the Blue Ridge through the forests of Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana, across the prairies of Illinois, Iowa and Nebraska, on and over the Rocky Mountains to the beyond. It is a plain, simple story of the pioneer. For the first time, so far as I can think, told frankly and completely on its dark as well as its heroic and beautiful side. Oh, we have plenty of "Songs of the Pioneer," plenty of the "Romances of the Prairies," plenty of the poetry which men in slippers have attributed to cowboys or plowboys! But Hamlin Garland has put in the dust and the mud, the cold, the chills and the chilblains, the nerve testing and soul wearying "chores," he has shown us the pinched life of the women, the meager lives of children. He has reported the tyrannical preoccupations of the pioneer fathers. All this and more he has told in such a way that it assumes the grace and charm which literary art can throw over the grimmest facts, the severest realities.

The story opens in Wisconsin. A little boy ran away when the weary soldier returning from the war laid aside his musket and said, "My little man, won't you come to Daddy?" The mother who had kept the plow bright while the father followed Grant and Sherman through the three years' struggle at the front, brought the pillow on which to ease his head as he, soldier fashion, preferred to lie on the floor to rest himself. But the father came back from the war with the discipline of Sherman and Grant in his blood. This soldier-farmer was the direct product of New England. His mother had taught him to love Emerson, Whittier and Holmes. Thus the boy found himself the child of a restless pioneer.

They call them "Coulees" along the upper Mississippi where the French have left their trails in the vocabulary of common life, but farther south along the Wisconsin, where I belong they call them "pockets" and "hollows." This soldier-farmer grew restless on the valley farm that was crumpled up on edge on either side. He at first visited and then explored the vast and waiting spaces of Iowa and Minnesota. He was enamored of the "smooth ground" so easily cultivated. So he picked up wife and little children and left the Wisconsin valley farm behind him, although his successor converted it into a "model dairy farm" and perhaps made more money than the wandering emigrant ever did before or after his three, four or more moves. This restless settler had no sooner fairly established himself on a three hundred acre farm in Iowa, and stocked it with the necessary equipment of reapers, mowers, plows and herds of cattle, than he reads of the still cheaper and wider fields of Dakota. Now he longs for a thousand acre wheat field, and so the story continues to the end. It is the story of a restless, relentless, industrious pioneer, the story of thousands upon thousands who made the Middle West. This man's religion was a simple but to him an adequate one. His son says that "Dad would stop in the middle of a swath any day to tell about the end of the world." He was a Second Adventist and had it figured out to perfect clearness. His favorite hymn was "On the Other Side of Jordan."

But although he got to where there were three hundred acres of wheat to harvest, herds of cattle to manage, plenty of pigs to sell, he never got to where "sister Hattie" could have the organ she coveted or the mother the ingrain carpet on the floor which she longed for—to the end she hungered for the most common elegancies and conveniences that seemed to be the birthright of a New England derived family.

Hamlin Garland grew up neighbor to one whom, after he returned from his eastern experience, he found

still living in the little stone hut he built as a pioneer. He said, "I always meant to build a good house and make a granary of this stone building, but I have never got around to it." No, he never got around to it, though he probably had a bank account, a mortgage or two on his neighbors' farms, and so on.

The life of a boy growing up on a western farm, the son of a pioneer, has been told more vividly and more truthfully here than anywhere else that I know of in literature.

Howells says of this book, "It is the first time that an actual farmer, not an 'agriculturist' but a real farmer, has ever broken into the realm of literature." I know that he has done it successfully. I speak confidently not as a literary critic but as one who has been there. Most of what he has described I have seen, much of it I have been.

The meagerness of a boy's life on a western farm, the premature responsibilities, the confining burdens are overlooked and neglected by the spic and span new social worker of today. Oh, we know all about the hard lot of the mill hand, the boys and the girls in factories—not too much, nor is it any too soon to take note of them, but the hard lot of the boy and the girl on the frontier, nay, the boy and girl still on the farm, even in the "prosperous Middle West," has escaped the philanthropists and is still much omitted in the studies of the social reformer.

All these hardships, the heart and head starvation, come out in the story of this boy who had responsibilities at seven years of age. It was his task to bring in the kitchen firewood, to break nubbins for the calves and to shell corn for the chickens. At ten years of age he must reach up to the handles of the plow as he directed the team on a quarter-mile furrow. Oh, it was a proud day when father told him he might take the team and do the plowing, but long before noon the young legs were weary and the pride had all gone out of it, and now, as the most tender episode of that experience, he thinks of little Frank slipping out, through the thoughtfulness of the mother, with a precious cookie and perhaps a cup of milk.

How distinctly he recollects the work that encroached upon the winter term of school and pulled him out of it before the term was over. Here again the story is so autobiographical that I do not know whether I am talking for Hamlin or for the pastor of All Souls Church. Today when I see the boys and girls bounding out of school with their books and throwing up their caps in great glee because "school is out" and "vacation is on," I remember the doleful pathos of the last days of school in my life. I was more grown and more developed than I care to confess before I could ever leave school without bitter tears. Oh, the agony of the possibility that we could not get round to husking the corn in time for me to begin school when the term began. I was always three, four or five weeks late and I was always scrimped on the other end because plowing and planting must begin before the end of the term. I remember how I used to envy the girls and thought there was no wonder they could get ahead because they could begin with the school term and continue to the end, an achievement which the farmer's boy scarcely remembers to have realized.

In the fullness of time came the "Grange" movement. It found in the elder Garland a responsible agent. What great hopes were awakened by this new industrial tool that was to bring justice to the farmer and equalize the profits and help him to get ahead.

The hopes of the farmer and his wife have been recorded and to a degree appreciated, but the dreams of the farmer's boys and the shy yearnings of the farmer's daughters awakened by this Grange movement have never been thought worthy of record and they are but vaguely hinted at by Mr. Garland, the poet laureate of the Western farm.

When the county organization wanted an agent to buy the grain and to take charge of the elevator in the Iowa town of Osage, Garland was the man. For one happy winter there was a break in the routine and drudgery of the farm. The family moved into town where the mother did not have to see to the calves and tend to the butter and milk. A few luxuries did creep into that village home. They could go to the meat market and have an occasional bit of fresh meat which on the farm they never expected except perhaps at hog killing time, when there was a revelry in head cheese, souse and liver.

In this village there rose the fresh water "college." It may have been a small academy in which Hamlin received his training, but it was where he made the acquaintance of the masters of literature, became enamored of Shakespeare, resolved that he was going to make an orator of himself; there he became a leader of debate, an organizer of agricultural movements, and that is more than many big colleges do for the boys of today.

Mr. Garland dates the awakening of his life not to a revival meeting led by some evangelist preaching a Billy Sunday gospel of hell fire, as so many farm boys do, but to a sermon he heard in this Iowa village by a wandering Methodist missionary, a young man who had not yet completed his college course and who had the rare hardihood to preach on art or the message of beauty. Mr. Garland describes this all important event in his book. He says:

> With most eloquent gestures, with a face glowing with enthusiasm, the young orator enumerated the beautiful phases of nature. He painted the starry sky, the sunset clouds, and the purple hills in words of prismatic hue and his rapturous eloquence held us rigid. "We have been taught," he said in effect, "that beauty is a snare of the evil one; that it is a lure to destroy, but I assert that God desires loveliness and hates ugliness. He loves the shimmering of dawn, the silver light on the lake and the purple and snow of every summer cloud. He honors bright colors, for has he not set the rainbow in the heavens and made water to reflect the moon? He prefers joy and pleasure to hate and despair. He is not a God of pain, of darkness and ugliness, he is a God of beauty, of delight, of consolation."
>
> In some such strain he continued, and as his voice rose in fervent chant and his words throbbed with poetry, the sunlight falling through the windowpane gave out a more intense radiance, and over the faces of the girls, a more entrancing color fell. He opened my eyes to a new world, the world of art.

It was a very plain and simple little "Commencement" that marked a sad going out into life of this young farmer lad, but he had at least achieved one or two things that softened the awkward boy's burdens. He had at last reached a respectable hair-cut, he had been to a barber and he no longer felt conspic-

uous on account of the unkempt condition of his back hair. He had achieved a pair of shoes which enabled him to shed the cowhide boots that were so clumsy and so uncomfortable. He had always longed for a pair of trousers that would not climb up forever to the top of his boots, and last but not least he had a suit of store clothes to graduate in.

His father, like the good honest Yankee he was, said, "My boy, your time is your own. I cannot give you anything, but you have a right to your time." So this boy, burdened, prematurely old, who had never been allowed to come in contact with girls except as he had conversed with them at a dance, started out to hunt his career. School teaching was the first step, of course, but lecturing, oratory, public life, politics perchance, farther on. But if not any of these, always teaching was his opportunity.

It was a pilgrim's progress eastward, back to the old friends in Wisconsin. There was a long hunt for a job. Disappointed by schoolboards, penniless, at last caught in a storm, with no place to spend the night, he ventures to stop at the door of a farm house. The good wife was out getting him something to eat when, in an ungracious way, he, overwhelmed with his disgraceful plight, seized his hat and stole away into the storm again rather than confess his impecuniosity.

We next find him walking the "purline plate" of a barn in his stocking feet with a good natured Swede, thereby developing ingenuity and perfecting his education as a carpenter. He became an expert shingler, an industry, which held him in good stead when he found himself penniless in New England. At last the farmer boy won his way to Boston. He had saved enough to pay for his board for a while. Finally he found a position as teacher in the Boston School of Oratory. He led an underfed and precarious life, but the prairie boy was pushing forward. Always with literary ambition, Harper's at last accepted a manuscript of his and paid him for it twenty-five dollars. Forthwith Hamlin, the loyal son, bought a silk dress for his mother and an autobiography of General Grant for his father. The mother sent back a grateful and tearful acknowledgment, confessing that all her life she had longed for a silk dress, and the boy expresses his regret that he could not have been there to have received in person her gratitude.

The story brings him back west again. He finds the Garland homestead now on the Dakota prairies. His father was still trying to get the better of the encroaching chinch bug. The same awful "bug" invaded my Wisconsin home so that we would have to stop the reaper and sweep off the accumulated pests before the machinery would run, gathering them up by the bushel and—all that and—all that. But that is another story.

His father was forever following the lure to new fields. Now he reads of the citrus fields of California and of the benignant climate that would avoid blizzards. But it remained for Hamlin and his younger brother Frank, who won his honors on the stage before Hamlin did in literature, finally to carry back the tired father and mother to the Wisconsin bluff country, stopping on the way to visit the World's Fair. But the machinery of the mind as well as of the body was worn out, and after two days of the World's Fair the mother said, "I am tired," and the father said, "Take me away," and thus in middle life this loving boy at last was able to install the worn out father and mother in an improvised "Garland homestead" up in New Salem, Wisconsin.

Thus ends this story of pioneer anxieties and hardships. There comes scarcely a touch of romance such as the books deal in, into his life. It is true that he stopped off a train to see "Alice" on his first journey in search of a career. She walked up and down the street of the little town with him for one twilight hour, she told him she was sure he would succeed. Later there is an incidental allusion that Alice was dead, but that is all.

The pioneer life here recorded is crammed with sermon material.

We see the pathos of this farmer's wife out west, the meager life, the uninspired drudgery, mingling with the inspirations of the field and of nature. Woman's life on the farm is wanting in the changes that bring the farmer within reach of the contagion of a growing world. The monotony of the farmer's wife is well described in a poem by the same author.

I've seen that woman once a week
  Ever since that very day in church,
When Ben turned round 'n kissed her cheek
  And the preacher knelt to pray.
I've watched her growing old so fast—
Her breath just flickered toward the last.

Made me think of a clock run down,
  Sure's y'r born, that woman did;
A workin' away for old Ben Brown
  Patient as Job an' meek as a kid,
Till she sort o' stopped one day—
Heart quit tickin' a feller'd say.

Wasn't old, nuther, forty-six—No,
  Jest got humpy, an' thin an' gray,
Washin' an' churnin' an' sweepin', by Joe,
  F'r fourteen hours or more a day.
Brats o' sickly children every year
To drag the life plum out o' her.

Worked to death. Starved to death.
  Died f'r lack of air an' sun—
Dyin' f'r rest, and f'r jest a breath
  O' simple praise fer what she'd done.
An' many's the woman this very day
Elder, dyin' slow in that same way.

The farmer's wife's life on the frontier would be a tragedy were it not enhaloed with the large results written in the pride of counties, the triumphs of states and the boast of nations. The exhaustion has been forgotten but the grim experiences still abide.

But into this story of the long furrow, the tired schoolboy, the heavy boots, the awkward clothes, come the ameliorations of Beadle's dime novels and the *New York Tribune*, the *Tri*-bune, as we used to call it. I do not know how to educate a child today without the old-fashioned school reader of the little old country school house. Hamlin grew up on McGuffey's and I grew up a loyal devotee of the Sanders Reader. He found in McGuffey's, as I found in Sanders, not only a school book but a rich treasury of permanent literature. It was too early for Tennyson and Browning, but there were Wordsworth and Scott and their associates and there was as much of

Shakespeare as we could digest in pre-eminence. There were Daniel Webster's speeches and all that. Hamlin grew up on McGuffey's Reader, Ray's Arithmetic and Mitchell's Geography. I could revise the list by substituting Sanders' Reader, Davies' Arithmetic, Mitchell's Geography and Clark's Grammar.

But all this story is punctuated by such episodes as this: "Hamlin, get up! get up! Your father is very ill. You must go for the doctor." And this boy plunges into the dark for a horseback ride through a tempest for five miles on what was scarcely a road, only a trail, and he brings back the doctor.

But notwithstanding the grimness of it, this was a favored home. There was music always. For the mother could fiddle, she could play the old hymns. The father used to say that his wife could go to the store in the morning and buy calico and wear the dress for supper. "She knit all our socks, made our shirts and suits, carded and spun wool, did all the housework, and still had time to help the boys with their kites and bows and arrows." This frail woman adjusted herself to six different homes when she was not half way through, and Hamlin does not tell us how many more homes there were. She always followed the restless father who always believed that he ought to have a "bigger farm and cheaper land." This westward urge made him the restless pioneer and he died, I fear, a dissatisfied and a disappointed man. His children had to maneuver to bring him to his senses on those lines. He was one of the "Pioneers" of whom Hamlin sings:

> They rise to mastery of wind and snow;
> They go like soldiers grimly into strife
> To colonize the plain. They plow and sow,
> And fertilize the sod with their own life,
> As did the Indian and the buffalo.

I have already given you more pioneer lore on the physical side than befits a sermon; much of it doubtless sounds like foreign speech to those of you who are not old enough to reach back into the early life of the Middle West. A few in this presence may know what it is to husk corn with chapped and bleeding fingers. Some of you may know what it is to have chilblains that makes it an agony to get your boots off and more agony to get them on again. It was a poor winter that did not give me half a dozen frozen noses or frozen ears on the way to and from school.

But all this is perhaps to your thinking not good preaching stuff on Sunday and in church. Let us see, then, if we can find an "application," as the preachers say.

What about the pioneer life of the soul? Where is the "Out West" of the spirit? What are the conditions of life that make all this not only tolerable but enjoyable, not only endurable but inspiring. It is hard to analyze but it is easy to recognize this urge of the spirit towards new triumphs, the process of adding a plus to the life that now is. O, to feel the joys of creating, the challenge of the triumphs of mind as well as of hand and the inspirations of trying to transform the same into the wealth of the world.

Where is the "Out West" of the spirit? Where does it begin? A cowboy poet has answered the question in a poem which at one time was said to be the most popular poem in the West, conceived out there under the shadow of the Rocky Mountains:

WHERE IS THE OUT WEST?

> Out where the hand clasp's a little stronger,
> Out where the smile dwells a little longer,
> That's where the West begins;
> Out where the sun is a little brighter,
> Where the snows that fall are a trifle whiter,
> Where the bonds of home are a wee bit tighter,
> That's where the West begins.
>
> Out where the skies are a trifle bluer,
> Out where friendship's a little truer,
> That's where the West begins;
> Out where a fresher breeze is blowing,
> Where there's laughter in every streamlet flowing,
> Where there's more of reaping and less of sowing,
> That's where the West begins.
>
> Out where the world is in the making,
> Where fewer hearts in despair are aching,
> That's where the West begins;
> Where there's more of singing and less of sighing,
> Where there's more of giving and less of buying,
> And a man makes friends without half trying—
> That's where the West begins.

And religion begins out there also. The joys and inspirations of the prophet are interpreted by the life of the pioneer. The leader in the realms of the spirit parallels the experience of the man who converted the wild prairies into gardens, who made Wisconsin the great dairy state, Iowa the great corn state and Minnesota the great wheat state. The Pioneer and the Prophet are intruders in the domain of nature. They represent a human plus to the utmost reach of nature.

Oh, it is lonely business for the prophet. It is living away out west there on pioneer lines. But there is where lie the consolations of religion, there are found the inspirations of life.

The World's Fair wearied the worn out farmer. It was too much for the exhausted mother, but their blood and sinew, their brains and lives had entered into the glory of that World's Fair. Its triumphs were first won by them way out there on the prairie. Its achievements were first chopped out of the forests, coined out of the mines.

So must the inspirations of religion ever come through the pioneer. You ask me why the churches are not full, or what is the matter with the churches that they are not full. I do not know, but I do know that the prophets of God are never found in crowds, that the advancing columns of human nature are never popular. Pioneering is solitary work, so solitary that if I was to express the pain and burden of Hamlin Garland's story in one word it would be "lonesomeness." The solitary quality of the log house in the clearing, the cold pioneer frame house shaped like a soap box on the unbroken horizon of Iowa and Minnesota spells loneliness. I have seen them. I have been there. I know them, and, believe me, *"loneliness"* is the word; but at the same time they are inspiring on account of the social forces working in and through

them. Comfort came from the unrealized crop that was going to pay the mortgage, if not this year, then next, or the year after that. Although it be 10 cent corn with 10 per cent interest in Kansas, Kansas was still inspiring as ever even in the old days of chinch bugs and grasshoppers.

Is it not easy now to find the inspirations of the pioneers in the realm of the spirit? The lure of the ideal in the social realm, oh, how invaluable it is!

For all the frankness and literary skill displayed by Mr. Garland in this book, I fear that his most valuable revealments will either be wholly missed, or misunderstood. Only those who have been there can read between the lines the story of the intellectual foundation and spiritual accumulations of the Middle West. Those horny-handed, hard-headed, grim pioneers were unconsciously state builders. What "up-to-date" young man on farm or otherwise can understand, much less appreciate, the picture of the wheat buyers and neighboring farmers in the little prairie village eagerly waiting for the arrival of the Chicago train on Monday and then gathering round the hot stove in the "elevator" to listen to someone who read aloud Ingersoll's last lecture. Who can understand the significance in this day of distrust of the daily paper, its confessed opportunism, its censored religious news, its vivisected preachers, etc., of the amount of sanity that went with the Chicago paper which every Monday morning distributed the richest word spoken on the Sunday previous in Chicago pulpits through all the villages along all the trunk lines throughout the Mississippi Valley. The old *Inter-Ocean* built for itself a large Monday clientele because for several years it published in full the sermons of David Swing. A Boston paper secured for itself a similar ascendancy over its rivals by virtue of its printing weekly the wise words of James Freeman Clarke. It was over this road that Hamlin Garland traveled into his intellectual activities and spiritual earnestness. Those prairie discussions led him into the fellowship of Henry George, and an acquaintance with Walt Whitman. Edward Everett Hale secured for him library privileges in Boston and he became the interpreter of Darwin, Haeckel, John Fiske and Herbert Spencer, men that to the end of this story were his inspirations and guides.

The prairie farmers in the Middle West were the pioneers of thought, many of them rough hewed their way on to the advance lines of religious thinking and their homes ceased to be lonely because they were companioned by great leaders and comforted with great thoughts. The ideals they dreamed of ameliorated and finally obliterated the gruesome exposures and overwork. The father was consoled and comforted by the thought of the speedy coming of the Lord of heaven from above to wipe away the sins of the world and establish his kingdom here on earth. The son found similar comfort and inspiration in the dream of a social reconstruction, an economic escape from industrial injustice, a new balancing of society, now perhaps through Single Tax or Socialism, or through a more general diffusion of education. No matter what, it added a spiritual plus to the heroism of the farm, it touched barnyard drudgery with the leaven of thought. The experiences of the wheat fields and the corn husking were illumined with political enthusiasm and cultural ambition.

I wish Mr. Garland had told me whether Uncle David's threshing machine was a "J. I. Case" or a "Buffalo Pitts." But that is unimportant. The great thing to know is that this expert with the axe, this champion rail-splitter and successful runner of threshing machines clung to his violin to the end and the old stiffened man disappears with the fiddle in his hands.

The great compensating factor that stands out all through this book is that the pioneer took his orders from within, his inspirations came from above and beyond. Never-realized was the farm that made the farmer's life not only endurable but desirable. Colonel Higginson read the Thanksgiving Proclamation of the pioneer in his poem that gives thanks for "The Things I Miss":

> Sometimes there comes an hour of calm;
> Grief turns to blessing, pain to balm;
> A Power that works above my will
> Still leads me onward, upward still,
> And then my heart attains to this,—
> To thank Thee for the things I miss.

The piano that never arrived, the spring wagon that was never realized in the Garland home enriched that home. The hardest things for the dear mother to turn her back on as she returned to the shelter of the Wisconsin hills were the wind swept graves of two darling daughters.

The comforts, the inspirations, the triumphs the settler missed ultimately came into the community. They enriched the counties and ennobled the states. Pity the children who have never known the high discipline of unsatisfied longings, ungratified expectations; pity the child who has but to cry and the candy comes, needs only to tease "Daddy" and the automobile arrives, whose life is poisoned with the luxuries that come when he makes sufficient fuss.

Perhaps my friend, Hamlin, worried a little too much about his dress, but better be uneasy in homespun and a home-made suit of clothes than to play the silly dude, like the over-dressed student of "styles," such as parade our streets and boulevards today. Garland speaks of the girls at the "exhibition" who were more distressed over the ill-fitting sleeves than they were over their dramatic shortcomings, but they are less to be pitied than their sisters who are still more conscious of their sleeveless arms.

But you must finish this sermon in your own way, in your own time and at your own convenience. Only do not miss the sermon values of this story. In this revealment of the single life, the story of one family, you will find the rise and origin of the democratic state, the hope of humanity.

There is reason to fear that the pioneer has overreached himself. The reaper and the automobile, yes, the telephone and the aeroplane have so preoccupied the energies of the pioneer that the intelligence, the conscience, aye, the self-directing forces have been falling far behind. The intangible frontier calls for a new race of pioneers.

Father, in the comradeship of a common purpose, the fellowship of love may we go forth to build new homes for the spirit. Amen.

A Tribute

I cannot let pass the death of Rev. Frederick Allen Hinckley without paying tribute, however humble, to his memory.

It was only in the latter years of his long and active life that I came to know him, but then most happily in connection with the Yearly Meetings of the Longwood (Pa.) Friends. I say most happily, for it was here, I believe, in connection with these meetings, that the very best in Mr. Hinckley was preserved into his old age for the service of the cause of truth and righteousness, and the blessing of many friends. For thirty-three years, as leader of the Longwood Meetings, he arranged the annual programs, presided at the assemblies, and gladdened with his gracious presence the festive gatherings under the trees by the old meeting house where the Friends, drawn together from far and near in the pleasant Pennsylvania countryside, took in picnic-fashion their noon-tide refreshment between morning and afternoon sessions of the conference. As leader of the Meetings in the 80's, Mr. Hinckley entered upon an inheritance of radicalism which is one of the chief glories of Quaker history in this country. From the early anti-slavery period, these valiant Friends had maintained in Longwood an absolutely free platform, on which every honest champion of however advanced or even revolutionary a doctrine was invited to "say his say," and from which every forward-looking movement for human betterment was extended sympathy and support. The list of men who spoke at the Longwood Yearly Meetings before, during and after the Civil War includes the name of practically every intellectual and spiritual pioneer of this great epoch. That Mr. Hinckley maintained this tradition is one of the noblest achievements of his life. From the beginning to the end of his more than a generation of leadership, he sought out the liberals of every faith, theological, political, economic. No doctrine was too heretical, no reform too revolutionary, no man too dangerous, to be heard. In a time characterized by a deeper searching of social foundations, and corresponding ferment of public sentiment, than any period since the Transcendental era, Mr. Hinckley kept Longwood in the very van of American thought and life. For this he will be gratefully remembered by the people who gather at these meetings in years to come, even as he was reverenced by the people who sustained and followed him in the years now gone.

It was this part of Mr. Hinckley's career which it was my high privilege to share. Through Longwood I came to know, admire and love him as one of the bravest, most far-seeing and open-minded men of our time. Instinctively I found myself classifying him as one of the comparatively few Unitarians among the older generation, or among the present generation for that matter, whose minds were invariably hospitable to new ideas, and hearts wide open to deep and far appeals. Wonderful was his affection for and trust in the younger men, especially the heretics. Their spirit of challenge, adventure, battle, was his, and spirit with spirit met in happy comradeship. I think I can say that in no one of my contemporaries or dearest friends, did I find truer understanding of, or deeper sympathy with, my own radicalism, than in Mr. Hinckley; and, significantly enough, I do not recall that he ever stated, or I ever asked, if he agreed with my opinions. "The unity of the spirit" was the one thing that mattered with him, and this made possible a friendship which is one of the sustaining memories of my life.

To those who knew his earlier days, this Longwood record is nothing strange. For Mr. Hinckley was ever a valiantly aggressive soul. He began his religious work appropriately enough in the Theodore Parker Memorial Sunday School. Over fifty years ago he and Mrs. Hinckley belonged to an Eight House League which met in a "little upper room" on Broomfield Street, Boston. When he was preaching in Providence, R. I., he went day after day to the State House to help the working men in their fight for a Ten Hour Factory Law. It was in these early days, also, that he led a valiant woman suffrage campaign in Rhode Island. Temperance, labor reform, woman's rights, prison reform, the uplifting of the colored race, all had his abiding sympathy, and to them all he gave the unstinting service of mind and body. The Longwood period was a fitting climax of his virtue. While it was present, men took example of it; and now that it is gone, they earnestly desire it.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.
Church of the Messiah, New York City.

THE MERCIFUL THINGS THAT STAY.

("The birds have built as usual on the edge of the firing line."—Snap Shots from the Front.)

Was there ever a time when war was not?
And what did we talk of then?
And what did the papers find to print?
And what will they print again,
When the Eastern Front and the Western Front
And the gas and the submarine
And the thin brown lines, and the Zeppelin raid
And the loss and gain of the sea blockade
Are as if they had not been?

Was there ever a time when we slept serene
With hearts that were not opprest?
When we woke with spirits unperturbed
By the pulse of the world's unrest?
When we did not flinch from the head-line's tale
Of the ruthless waste of men?
When we were not wonted to cruelty,
And things were just as they used to be,
But never can be again?

We sigh as we think of those far-off days,
The time when the war was not
When our land was at peace with all the world
And ancient feuds forgot;
When the lost bells chimed from their belfries high,
And the harvests waved below,
When the silent woods and the quiet dells
Were undisturbed by the bursting shells
In the peaceful Long Ago.

But out where the trenches scar the earth
And the ground is torn with the shells,
The grass is green in the valley's lap
And the violets bloom in the dells;
And under the trees with their branches shorn,
In many a sunny glade,
The little birds build on the firing line,
And nature covers with leaf and vine
The wounds that man has made.

Thank God for the things that are just the same,
The merciful things that stay;
The dear and the lovely, unestranged,
Unmarred, unshattered and still unchanged
By the heartbreak of today;

For the sun that shines through the battle-cloud,
For the birds that sing where the guns are loud,
For the flowers that grow from the grave's dark shroud,
In the beautiful olden way.

Thank God for the things more precious still—
For the love and the trust that are sure,
For the faith and the hope that our souls have known
That are set too high to be overthrown,
And shrined in a peace secure;
The faith in God and His guiding hand,
The hope of a home in a better land
In a kigdom that shall last;
For the deathless dead who are waiting there
Beyond our sorrow and our despair
And the wreck of our crumbling past.

—*Annie Johnson Flint.*

Christian Endeavor World.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Beginnings

Myth versus Science

Being the First Year's Work in the Seven Years' Course of Study in the History and Practice of Religion, as Given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to His Classes at the Abraham Lincoln Centre

II.

How the World Was Made

Such knowledge is too wonderful for me;
It is high, I cannot attain unto it.

—*Psalm* CXXXIX.

Both ethically and religiously the greatest gift of culture and growth is a time sense. An aid to this will be a Chart of the Centuries. The Cross will represent the beginning of the Christian era with divisions on its right bringing us down to the nineteenth century. To the left of the Cross the divisions may represent historic time, that is to say, as much of time as we have records of; monuments, tombs, tablets, mummies, manuscripts, wherever the hand of man has left behind some record of himself, that we call historic time. The chart will indicate that we can go back 6000 years B. C. Probably today scholars would place the date back another millennium. Notice the difference between this and the chronology of our old Bibles as worked out by Bishop Usher. Next year we will be able to fill in this chart, placing Alexander and Socrates in the fourth century, Constantine in the fifth and in the thirteenth B. C. Moses would come in.

Our work this year is to find out what we can of the life of man beyond the confines of the chart and where there is no record except as we find a few bones hidden away in caves. We find some relics of life in the river drifts that have been allowed to remain, the refuse in the kitchen middens, the bones and ashes left in the old camping ground of primitive man. We can guess the time in which he lived and the animal and plant life by consulting the geologic leaves of the world. When further advanced in these lessons, they will grow coherent and we will begin to see that we are traveling on reasonably safe ground. Let us not ask for too definite information, but content ourselves with the most reliable word of the most competent authorities within our reach in English.

In 1872 or '73, when Darwinism and evolution were taboo among the preachers and hot words in the schools, Professor Chamberlin gave, in my church in Janesville, a lecture on Darwin. At that time his position was that he was a Darwinian but not an evolutionist. He said that Darwin only claimed to trace a connection between specie and specie, to show how life went on continuously from one form of plant and animal life to another and he did not accept the theory of evolution as then interpreted; that the universe is one continuous unfoldment, some kind of materialistic development of the universe without taking into account the spiritual forces. He and I spent most of the night in quarreling over this question, my contention being that the doctrine of evolution was capable of a spiritual interpretation and not necessarily materialistic or atheistic.

Since that time Professor Chamberlin, now a famous geologist recognized from ocean to ocean and an unquestioned authority in some departments of geology, particularly the glacial periods, has worked out a later theory of the origin of the solar system. His little book, "The Origin of the Earth," contains the last scientific heresy, very revolutionary among scholars. Previously in studying this lesson we accepted the nebular hypothesis of our planetary system ascribed to Laplace. Practically the theory was that the substance which now enters into our planetary system, the sun and seven or eight planets around it, was once in a state of gaseous heat. In the process of cooling and responding to gravitation, this substance began to revolve and solidify, and in revolving particles flew off and as they flew revolved round their own centers in orbit round the sun. An hypothesis is good so long as it explains the facts better than any other hypothesis, but if a new one presents itself, explaining troublesome facts not disposed of under the first hypothesis, we will accept the newer one and work on it until something better arrives.

Professors Chamberlin and Moulton have worked out another theory. We have assumed that the earth was red hot in the center and is gradually becoming colder and colder, that once in a while combustion would cause Vesuvius to throw out a lot of hot stuff, a California earthquake would take place, etc. These scientists believe that the earth is not red hot in the center and not gaseous but pretty nearly all solid, that the sun does throw out masses of matter which it sets to revolving, and that this matter in turn, yielding to the law of gravitation and certain chemical laws, begins to accumulate and draw to itself solid matter, and that by a law of mechanics, in response to centrifugal and centripetal forces, they are gradually drawn into the system in rhythmic order.

The geologic story is in either case the same and the earth under Chamberlin's theory is still growing, changing and taking on fresh matter. He says:

". . . Only 1-745 of the sun's substance was required to form our whole planetary system. There are now known to be eight planets, twenty-six satellites, and about eight hundred planetoids; probably the whole number of the latter may ultimately be found to be a thousand or so. . . It was not necessary, therefore, that the sun should give forth even so much as one-tenth of 1 per cent of its substance to form the largest planet, assuming that the whole material for the planet was ejected from the sun by a single impulse.

In his final chapter he says:

The contact surfaces between earth, air, and water are the sites of the most distinctive geologic activities of the present day, and as far back as a good record goes these contact zones have been the seats of the most declared denuda-

tions and depositions. They have been almost the sole habitats of biological and psychological activity. The initiation of terrestrial life and the dawn of terrestrial mentality within these horizons were the last radical events in the genesis of the earth. As sequences of the nebulous stages, and of the long chain of organizing processes we have tried to sketch, these supreme evolutions take on the aspect not only of extraordinary physico-chemical syntheses, but of syntheses with psychic activities whose fundamental nature has not yet been fully compassed by determinate science. To any who may prefer to regard the vital and mental elements as supernatural additions to the physico-chemical factors, the combinations must still seem remarkable syntheses, for the relationships are extremely close and the interdependencies singularly complete.

To close he gives his own conclusions:

Perhaps the supreme criterion to which a hypothesis of the genesis of the earth, of the mode of its growth, and of the evolution of its inhabitants can be submitted—next after its complete fulfilment of the specific requirement of the historic vestiges embodied in itself and in its ongoings—is the fitness and the adequacy of its postulates for the sake of maintaining, throughout all the earth's adolescent and adult stages, those delicate conditions that have made possible the long sequence of life and its wonderful ascent. . .

It is our personal view that what we conveniently regard as merely material is at the same time spiritual, that what we try to reduce to the mechanistic is at the same time volitional, but whether this be so or not, the emergence of what we call the living from the inorganic, and the emergence of what we call the psychic from the physiologic, were at once the transcendent and the transcendental features of the earth's evolution.

In other words he tells us that the same forces that worked in making the solid earth kept right on until that material was organized into living beings, are still at work, and that it may yet be demonstrated that the crystal had life in it; that instead of a dead world we have a living cosmos; instead of a God outside who once in a while chanced to co-operate and introduce a new thing, we have a divine universe, blooming and growing. We know that we are here and also know a good deal of the experience of the race in getting here.

Geology begins where stratification of the earth begins, where water and air working upon solids, has laid down layer after layer of earth and soil and eventually of life. James Geikie, the greatest living authority on "The Antiquity of Man in Europe," which is the title of his book, writes of the old life, in that period when we find man in the caves, the river drifts, etc. Life began where earth, air and water met.

Anticipating a little, let me read something of his testimony regarding prehistoric man. Speaking of the French caves Geikie says:

Not the least notable of the French caves are those of Le Moustier—a little plateau of horizontally-bedded limestone and shale that overlooks the river Vézère in Périgord. Here Mousterian man appears to have found a home for a prolonged period, and has left behind him very numerous and interesting relics. His chief occupations were hunting and fishing, and from the abundance of the remains of horse, wild cattle, and reindeer, we may infer that these animals were his mainstay, supplying him at once with food and raiment.

There is also found there the usual evidence of old hearths and of the manufacture of stone implements. In 1907 there was found there a human skeleton, that of a youth of sixteen years, which had obviously been covered up in Palaeolithic times. Geikie also says that there was evidence in the cave deposits of a succession of culture-stages.

He gives the "Testimony of the Glacial Formations." There were at least six glacial periods, and regarding the fourth period we have the account of an ice-flow that swept across Finland, occupied all northern and central Russia, extending from north to south for a distance of at least 1,500 miles and about 2,500 miles from west to east. The tramp stones or "erratics" are here accounted for, one wandering block found in Switzerland being estimated to weigh 2,520 tons. This was believed to have been borne on the breast of a mighty sheet of ice, miles thick, which stayed until the sun melted the ice and left the stone exposed. Geikie writes:

So far removed from us are early Pleistocene times that our sympathetic interest in the life of Palaeolithic man cannot but be faint. And yet he was very human; doubtless at the outset of his career a beastially selfish and merciless savage, but gradually developing finer traits with the passing of the ages. It is not without emotion that we look at the beautiful art-work of the Magdalenian reindeer hunter. And when we remember the conditions under which he lived—exposed to a severe climate and the attacks of many formidable wild beasts, his home a dark cave or rude rock-shelter—we may well be astonished at his attainments as an engraver, a sculptor, and an animal painter. With the simplest of tools and appliances his best efforts rival, if they do not sometimes excel, those of our modern art-schools, and must ever be a marvel to critics who may have nourished the belief that such attainments are only possible in a civilized community. . . And yet of all those primitive peoples, those vanished races, we should have remained absolutely ignorant but for the endurance of their lost and discarded relics. "Time which antiquates antiquities, and hath an art to make dust of all things, hath yet spared these minor monuments. In vain we hope to be known by open and visible conservatories, when to be unknown was the means of their preservation and obscurity their protection."

Henry Fairfield Osborn, in his fascinating book on "Men of the Old Stone Age," shows how man's history is geologically divided by the tools he used. This book will greatly illuminate the lessons immediately following this.

QUESTIONS.

LESSON II.

(1) Give brief statement of belief of scientists of beginning of planetary system.
(2) Where are first traces of men found?
(3) How far back can we follow a time chart?

TO A GRANDFATHER CLOCK.

When through the darkness of a winter's day
I watch the firelight flashing on thy face;
Or when a moonbeam, on its merry way,
Illuminates thy form with mellow grace:
What voices from the long-forgotten years
Call down the opened corridors of time;
What springs and fountains of unbidden tears
Are loosened by thy slow and stately chime!

O lone survivor of a former age
When life ran gently as a tranquil stream;
Before the fever of our fretful rage
Darkened its golden and unsullied gleam;
Our hearts are weary of the greed and guile,
The shoutings of the crowd that never cease;
Oh, charm us back—oh, charm us back awhile
Unto the long-departed days of peace!—

Unto the days of purer love and joys,
Of beauty unusurped by low desire;
Ere yet man quitted for a world of noise
The cloistered quiet of the settle-fire,
Or left his cherished flower-beds, to fight
For selfish ends which, gained, dissolve in foam;
But found for consolation and delight
The simple hospitality of home.

—*Gilbert Thomas.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do G od is my Religion."

THE DISFRANCHISEMENT OF THE CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS.

The newspapers of England reveal much vigorous criticism of government such as in America would invoke liberal threats of jail or worse. It is noticeable that since Lord Northcliffe returned to England intolerance has increased.

Conscience and the Vote, from the London Daily News of November 22.

The proposal to disfranchise conscientious objectors, again debated yesterday in the Reform Bill, drew from Lord Hugh Cecil a speech—the greatest that he has delivered—and a noble example of lofty eloquence. He began quietly by recalling that the enactment of the disability would be retrospective legislation; that it should have been inserted, as a penalty for conscientious exemption, in the Conscription Acts. "Objection," as a seditious device, he denounced, but "moral and religious" objection was different. There was a higher law than State law. Men were responsible, here and hereafter, in time and in eternity, for obeying that law.

Turning to Mr. Bonar Law, Lord Hugh argued thus:

"You say that the safety of the State is the supreme law—there is nothing beyond it. It is a doctrine not novel; indeed, it is now notorious. It is precisely what Bethman-Hollweg said in defending German aggression. Why blame the German Government? Nurse Cavell was technically guilty. It was only the Higher Law that condemned her punishment. Why echo the very language of her murderers? We are Christians first; we are Englishmen afterwards. And the Christian faith claims us absolutely—body and soul.

"What a wood of trouble you are plunging into! You gave votes to men of military age in Ireland because they are Irish. You deny them to Englishmen because they are religious. You give votes to Sinn Feiners—convicted rebels—even when paid by German money. You give votes to soldiers court-martialed for any cause—save only conscience. You give votes to offenders by criminal vice, by odious lusts, to pick-pockets, robbers—and why? Because there is nothing conscientious in these actions of these thieves, miscreants, and scoundrels.

"You profoundly misjudge public sentiment. Quiet people who attend church and chapel will never support you in disfranchising every objector while every criminal has a vote. What about the Quaker Ambulance unit, where men have for years risked their lives? By our common religion, as laid down by St. Paul, if men think an action wicked, to them it is wicked. You recognize this with Mohammedans and Hindoos—you do not violate their consciences. You only say they are mistaken. And to punish mistakes of opinion is to go back to the old familiar ground of religious persecution. (A great outburst of cheers.) To force another man's conscience is against my conscience. Belief in the State (as a religion) is barren and degrading. We fight in this war not for civilization so much as to keep civilization Christian." In a moving and elaborate peroration, Lord Hugh exposed the peril of uplifting the State until we worship it as idolaters of Moloch.

Sir J. Compton Rickett quietly replied that the duty of rendering to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's was not permissive but compulsory—an injunction to be obeyed. Sir E. Parrott, for the other view, argued that if this amendment had been in force years ago, it would have disfranchised Bright and Cobden after the Crimean War and the Prime Minister himself after the Boer War. Besides, the disfranchised objectors could sit in Parliament! Mr. Rowntree observed that the amendment would enact different laws for men under and over 41. It would not hit men under and over 41. It would not hit men of military age in a certified occupation or men who had been medically rejected. It would, however, disfranchise members of the Society of Friends, who had seen most valuable and dangerous ambulance service abroad ever since the war started. People who had sacrificed remunerative positions, and gone to work on the land for soldiers' pay would be disfranchised, whilst convicted privateers would have the vote.

"The spiritual home of the amendment," said Mr. Leif Jones, "is Germany"; while Mr. Adamson, the Labour leader, who told against the amendment with Lord Hugh Cecil, warned the Government that they might arouse serious industrial trouble.

For disfranchisement 209
Against 171

Editorial in London Daily News of November 22nd from "The Triumph of Prussianism."

"It is a tragic irony just as the German armies are beginning at last to stagger under the blows of the Allies that the spirit of German militarism should be winning its greatest victories in this country. There are diversities of operation, but it is the same spirit."

"Prussianism in Britain." From letter by Dr. John Clifford, the internationally known non-conformist minister (London Daily News, November 22.)

"The decision of the House of Commons last night to disfranchise the conscientious objectors will fill thousands of our fellow countrymen with shame and indignation. It adds another injustice to those already perpetrated under the Military Service Act.

(Continued on page 72.)

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It is the return of the Stewarts to the twentieth century. The Kaiser has triumphed. The British Parliament accepts and adopts his absolutist theory of the State; and with its own hand, strikes a fatal blow at "that respect for the dignity and right of the individual citizen" which, according to Lord Morley, "lies at the root of Liberalism and justice, fraternity and progress."

A CORRECTION

The book on Poetry Writing by Professor Carruth of the Leland Stanford University mentioned in a recent number of UNITY, was falsely credited to the Stratford Publishing Company, while The Macmillan Company ought to appear as the real publisher.

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